The Mountaineer

Published by The Hendersonville High School Literary Society

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Collection

The Mountaineer

VOLUME II HENDERSONVILLE, N. C. NUMBER 4

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of the May Number

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Published by Hendersonville High School Literary Society

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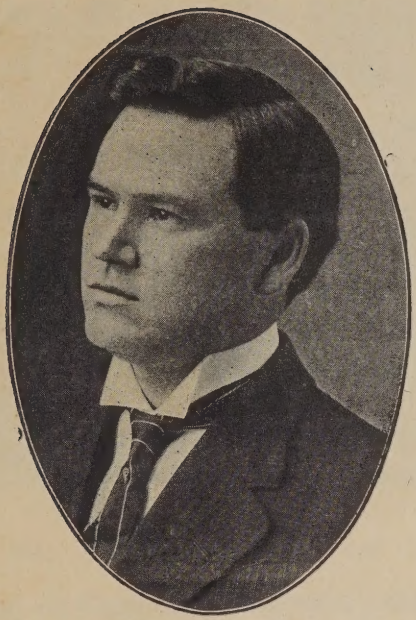

W. H. CALE
Superintendent of City Schools

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THE NEW BUILDING.

We greatly appreciate the new building, and believe it will aid us materially in overcoming many of the difficulties which presented themselves last year. There can be no excuse for non-attendance now on account of the weather. We have a warm, well ventilated room for every pupil and extra seats for visitors.

The Faculty

The school building is not all that the pupils are proud of, nor is it, by any means, all for which the patrons of the school should be thankful. For there is the faculty. Those who exert their influence over the children for eight long months out of the twelve. And just here let us congratulate those who selected the teachers for securing such intelligent, faithful, christian workers. On the front row beginning from the right and going to the left is the picture of the superintendant, Mr. W. H. Cale, a graduate of Wake Forest College and a man who has had twelve years experience in this profession. The next in order is Mrs. Clyde Munsey Mears, (assistant principal) and a graduate of Martha Washington College in Virginia. 3rd, is Miss Bessie Steedman, the principal of the High School and a graduate of Valley Seminary, Va. 4th, is Miss Kathleen Anderson, a graduate of Lander College, S. C. 5th, is Miss Bessie Aiken, who has charge of the business department. In the rear of Mr. Cale is Miss Lois Edwards, a graduate of the State Normal and Industrial College of Greensboro. Next to her is Miss Evelyn Turner, a graduate of Lander College, S. C. By her is Miss Rosa Edwards, also a graduate of the State Normal and Industrial of Greensboro. The next is Miss Florida Morris, a Graduate of State Normal of Greensboro. Then Mrs. Ethel Dixon, a graduate of Salem Female Academy, Salem, N. C. Then Miss Mary McPheeters, a student of College for Women, S. C. And last is Miss Wil L. Wilson, a student of Trinity College, Durham, N C.

Motto: "Verite sans peur." Colors black and gold. Flower, the Mountain Laurel.

CLASS ROLL AND SONG.

Miss Elsie C. Anderson
Mr. Roy C. Bennett
Miss Maude H. Duncan
Mr. Montraville W. Egerton
Mr. Harry G. Hunter
Miss Ethel J. Manders
Mr. J. Morris Ripley
Miss Lula E. Alexander
Miss Fannie M. Carmichael
Miss Lottie L. Dixon
Mr. Russell O. Lyday
Mr. Charles J. Morrow
Miss Nona M. Edwards
Miss Ruth H. Smith

(Tune of Tenting Tonight.)

We are standing today at the parting way,
Give us a word of cheer.
Our hearts are sad as we bid farewell
To school mates true and gay.

Chorus.

Many are the mem'ries that rise today,
Mem'ries of days gone by;
Those golden days of work and play,
We leave them with a sigh,
For we're standing today, standing today,
Standing at the parting way.
We are thinking today as we say farewell
Of friends and teachers too,
Of each and all who gave us a hand
And taught the pure and true.

We are hoping today that the future holds
Some mead of joy and praise,
Some golden deed, some noble work,
Some one to help and raise.

We are praying today as we say farewell
To youthful work and play
That the coming years will find us true
To the motto that we hold today.

"Verite sans peur" is that motto high,
"Truth without fear"
We'll hold it aloft as the years roll by,
We pledge our faith today.

Salutatory

Ladies and Gentlemen, School-mates and Class-mates: We, as a class, are assembled here this morning for the last time, for a final leave-taking ere we scatter to our various homes to begin the life-work for which these years of study have been the preparation.

The class day is indeed a "commencement." marking but the first mile-stone of our course and so we should make it something better and higher than a mere social function.

Our diplomas, earned as they are by years of strenuous work, stand for something achieved in the past but we have not yet reached the goal, we still must

> "Be strong;
> We are not here to dream, to drift,
> We have hard work to do and loads to lift."

We are on life's threshold and like soldiers must gird us for the fray.

We may not all win fame or read our history "in a nation's eyes;" but we may each fill our allotted place as best we can, remembering "They also serve who stand and wait." We owe much to the faithful teachers who have helped us thus far on our journey, but today their responsibility ends and ours begin. What we are to be and do, depends upon ourselves, and, class-mates, let us remember that—

> "There is a healthy restlessness of the soul
> By which a mighty purpose is augmented
> In urging men to reach a higher goal."

The key to the future lies in our hands. Let us then take care that it does not rust; let us have faith in our own abilities, looking with eyes unafraid to the future where destiny awaits us; let us flaunt our class motto, "Truth without fear," in the face of every danger and temptation and though we may be some "mute inglorious Milton" or "Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood;" yet the class of 1913 shall reflect honor undimmed upon our alma matter and point the way to those who succeed us in these academic halls.

Soon we shall hear the words of farewell spoken by the valedictorian and part, perchance, to meet no more, but I believe that the bonds of friendship, forged and strengthened through these years of mutual effort, will ever hold us true and leal to the halls from which we pass today as graduates, and faithful friends and comrades while life shall last.

And now, in the name of my class, I bid you, one and all, a right warm welcome to our class-day exercises, bespeaking your kindly leniency to our short-comings and your "God speed" on our way. Once more I bid you—Welcome!

R. O. Lyday.

Class History

Carlyle tells us that "WE live in deeds, not in years; in thoughts not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should not count time by heart throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best." And measured by such a rule I feel that our class history is brief indeed; and yet in the years that we have worked and played within these walls, some members at least, have left uneffaceable impressions, many incidents grave and gay, for good or ill, have left their imprint on our lves, and will abide with us through the coming years.

We are just fifteen strong, representing, with three exceptions only. The Old North State, and individually and as a class I trust we may ever remember the record of her noble sons and daughters, and add new lustre to her fame.

I shall not weary you with an account of our struggle with the alphabet and our toil and tribulation with "Reading, Riting and Rithmetic" when we learned, by sad experience, that "Man was made to mourn" but shall only give you a brief account of our High School work, where the same sad maxim has been more deeply impressed upon us, with added knowledge that "there is no royal road to learning." We have toiled with Caesar over the Alpine Passes, hurled philippics on Catiline's devoted head, fallen in ruins with Troy, met many a Waterloo with cubes and angles, tied our tongues into hard knots over unpronounceable French verbs, and struggled valiantly with English Compositions, feeling that MacDuff had indeed "murdered sleep." Our interpretations of the master piece in English literature has, I feel sure, bound our brows with unfading laurel wreaths that is when it has not raised the ghosts of the departed authors. As musicians instrumental and vocal some of us vie with masters and prima donnas, in our own estimation, and our male quartet is a marvel. As for oratory modesty forbids me to speak at length concerning our triumphs I'll only say we even whipped the Asheville High. Like Caesar we came, we saw, we conquered. As for our ability as business men, really, you have only to read our four issues of the Mountaineer, the School magazine, and form your own opinion.

This my friends and fellowcitizens is but a brief account of our many varied accampliments as a class, 'twould take the pen of a Shakespeare or the tongue of a Cicero to do justice to each of our members individually, as I am too modest to attempt this after such a statement, I simply remind you that in some cases "Silence is golden.

But one serious word, Friends and Class mates 'ere I close.

Some of us at least, have acheived some degree of success in these

four years of High Shool work, let us resolve that our Future may, at least "copy fair" our past, and though we accomplish no great deeds, let us remember Lowell's beautiful words

"Greatly begin, though thou have time
But for a line be that sublime
Not failure but low aim is crime."

Let us not forget the many gems with which our teachers have endeavored to store our minds, and above all let us remember those beautiful words written by Henry Van Dyke.

"Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true;

1st. To think without confusion clearly,
2nd. To love his fellow men sincerely,
3rd. To act from honest motives purely,
4th. To trust in God and Heaven securely, R. C. Bennett.

Locals

Miss Lily Graham Allen having proven herself superior to all other High School pupils in the Latin work has been awarded the Latin medal as a reward for her labors. This was offered by the principal, Miss Bessie Steedman.

The recent changes in the regulations of the school are being discussed at some length. Of course all are commenting on the placing of scientific apparatus in the school, but some are objecting to the longer session. Time and experience only can tell the result.

Mr. J. Morris Ripley was the successful pupil in the 11th grade composition contest, and carried away a very beautiful, as well as useful, fountain pen and pencil combined. This prize was also given by Miss Steedman.

We were glad indeed to hear of the re-election of Professor W. H. Cale as superintendent of the Graded School of this city. While he has been handicapped in his supervisory work by having to teach, yet he has accomplished great things for the school.

The business class, under the able instructress, Miss Bessie Aiken, has done exceedingly well this year. About fifteen pupils started the course and all but three have kept up the good work. Many thanks are due Professor Cale for instituting this, and also to Miss Aiken for her efficient services.

Class Poem

Now if you think at any time
'T:s easy to conoct a rhyme
Just try a line and you will see
It's just as hard as hard can be.

But the class, it gravely said,
And cocked at me its august head,
This class has got to have a poet
And Harry YOU have got to do it.

So, fellow sufferers ,here I stand
A victim to this glorious band
Of handsome boys and lovely girls
Bedecked in furbelows and curls.

First of the band of ladies gay
Is her whom we know as Elsie A
Bright and studious too, is she
And sometimes she can scornful be.

Another young lady of our class
Is Miss Alexander, a bonnie lass
With dusky hair and eys of blue
Young and pretty and charming too.

R. C. Bennett's next in the list
He's sweet sixteen and never been kis't
But an artist is he in the musical line
And sings love songs in a bass quite fine

Miss Fannie May Carmichael's a sweet little girl
Her hair, it is dark and her eyes are pearl
If you'll tell me what color 'tis, I'll give you a dime
For I just put it here to make the words rhyme.

Miss Lottie Dixon wit hher smiling face
A lady of strength and character she
I think she approves of the suffragette
Tho she hansn't avowed her principles yet.

Then there's M. W. Egerton, our orator bold
Whose glories I'm sure can never be told
'Twill almost make the salt tears flow
Just to hear him orate in Cicero.

Miss Nona Edwards is a girl
Whose hair, it simply will not curl
She wears it done in the latest styles
And fools the boys with winks and wiles.

H. G. Hunter is next enrolled
Modesty forbids me his fame to unfold
But this much, dear friends, I venture to say
He's standing before you a victim today.

Mr. R. O. Lyday's a very funny fellow
His face is red and his hair is yellow
He plays on the violin and sings quite well
But, between you and me, he's rather a "belle"

Miss Ethel Manders may seem very small
But I'll tell you right now, she's not small at all
I know from experience, and that is a fact,
Once she stepped on my teo since when it's been flat.

Mr. Charles J. Morrow has much curiosity
And that I affirm without verbosity
Inspite of his failings he sure is a sport
To be "squire of dames" is surely his forte.

Mr. J. Morris Ripley is also a sport
And "squire of dames" is also his forte
He aspires to be a very fine dancer
But just "sub-rosa" I'd call him a prancer

Last on the roll according to name
Is little Miss Smith of wide spread fame
An alluring maiden fair to see
But "beware! She's fooling thee"

And now, kind friends, I bid you adieu
I'm truly sorry to have tortured you
But since the class ordered me
I've only obeyed commands, you see?

H. G. Hunter.

Class Prophecy

A few evenings ago, as I lay in my big, restful Morris chair—I was drowsily speculating about things present and to come, when—suddenly starting up, I found myself in a long, strangely furnished hall; looking up I saw "Hall of Time" in large golden script over the strangely carved portal—while, on every side, were queer little cabinets beautifully inlaid with the same precious metal—on each the word "Future" was inlaid in gold, and then, a date. Near each hung a small golden key. Mover by an irresistible desire to draw back the curtain and pierce beyond the veil that hides the future—I sought and found the cabinet dated 1913—and slowly turned the key. As I threw back the lid a dense smoke poured forth which gradually unrolled and cleared, displaying a strange panoramic view.

The scene was a brilliantly lighted drawing-room, and, as the center of an admiring crowd, I recognized my old-time schoolmate, Miss Elsie Anderson, who, I now learned—was Mayoress of the thriving city of Hendersonville where she ruled right royally—tho', alas, still a Bachelor-girl; as she had advanced ideas and believed in equal rights.

Next came a large and handsome building, evidently in the business section of a thriving city; over the door-way was—R. C. Bennett, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Then I saw the interior. Seated in a softly cushioned chair was a somewhat fleshy gentleman with a countenance smug and self-satisfied, in whom I at once recognized my old comrade of the H. H. S., the ideal of a corporation lawyer. On one side of the room was a door marked "Private" thru which I caught a glimpse of a very attractive stenographer—of the feminine gender—of course, in whom—to my unbounded astonishment, I recognized another schoolmate—no other than Miss Lottie Dixon. From the languishing glances that passed between the two—it was quite evident that wedding chimes were not far distant.

Another scene flashed into view—a bespectacled lady with rather severe cast of features—reading a book the title of which was—"How Old Maids May Wed"—and the Authoress was no other than Miss Fannie May Carmichael—and the lady who so earnestly studied the volume? Why—'twas Miss Fannie herself.

The next scene was a school-room that seemed strangely familiar—seated at the desk was a blonde lady, also of familiar aspect—dressed in the latest style—with many frills and furbelows. Then I recognized the room—'twas the 11th Grade room of the H. H. S., and the lady was my old friend Miss Maude H. Duncan, the stately Principal of the well remembered institution where I myself had suffered so many

tribulations. Suddenly the door opened, and on the threshold stood a gentleman whose locks vied with the "sunsets golden flow." With a start of surprise I recognized no less a person than Mr. Russell Lyday, the august Superintendent of the Hendersonville City Schools; with a pair of gold rimmed spectacles astride his nose—he looked the beau-ideal of an Educator. Then I heard a low sigh that seemed to emanate from the lady Principal—"Oh Russell! will you NEVER propose?" Ah—I thought, Russell was ever slow.

Next a remarkable figure swung into view—a somewat diminutive gentleman with a round rosy face; clothes rather loud as to stripe—and a monocle in one eye, Ah—I said—my friend J. MorrisRipley has realized his ambition—a genuine Anglo—American fop, and a dancer with wide spread fame.

Then came a gentleman of rather haughty mien-bearing the hall-marks of the successful business man in whom I instantly recognized my old-time friend—Mr. J. C. Morrow, Jr.;by his side walked a dainty lady with violet eyes and dusky hair in whom I recognized Miss Lula Alexander—and who I learned, was noted for her beauty and wit—and was sighing only because she could not decide which of her many suitors to accept.

Then, tripping along, came a rather small figure, wearing a suit of perfectly plain cut, high standing collar and mannish cravat; surely, I thought, that is Miss Ethel Manders, and yet—But it was—and she was a suffragette—a power in the political world and right hand man—or lady—to Mayoress Anderson.

Then there flashed into view, a portly figure—decked in all the paraphernalia of the U. S. Navy. Hah! I cried. The right honorable H. G. Hunter of Hendersonville fame; Commander of the Sloop of War "Vnegeance" Suddenly a look of mortal fear spread over the bold features of the great fighter, and looking around for the cause, I saw two figures, strange yet familiar bearing down upon him Corkscrew curles fell gracefully from beneath hats of wondrous structure, beneath which smiled two prim little faces; blonde and brunette; the the name "Spinster" was "writ large" on the face of each, and with horror and wonder, I recognized the belles of the class of 1913; Miss Ruth Smith and Miss Nona Edwards. Then I turned to gaze once more upon the face of my old chum H. G., but he had fled! Alas! alas! How are the mightly fallen.

I waited expectantly but no more scenes appeared, so I pressed an electric bell which I discovered on my left, and out popped the face of old Father Time, himself. "Haven't you forgotten one? I asked. "Which one?" said he. "Why", I said "M. W. Egerton".

"Oh", answered the old gentleman, with a wink. "He did so many things we couldn't keep up with him. Why he's been everything from a stump speaker to a North Carolina senator he's teaching in Polk County now." Then he too vanished. Something seemed to hit me on the head. I heard a crash and awoke to find I'd fallen out my chair.

And now—

Good friends if I've displeased you
Nor read your future true—
Pray remember the trouble I'm in—
For to disobey orders were surely a sin;
I did what the President told me to
And it's just the best that I can do—
It SURE isn't easy to prophesy
If you think it is—why—come and try.

Sweney at the Bat

The score stood two to one and the eighth inning had passed by
'Twas then that Dervidle came to bat and Matthews struck out Cy
Kelley flied to Dolan and Jimpson got a pass;
But Raney hit a grounder that went buzzing through the grass.
The fans let out a yell of Joy and—would you look at that?
There's Sweney, mighty Sweney, advancing to the bat!

The pitcher looked at Sweney as if he had a pain;
Sweney looked at the pitcher with a look of rank disdain.
The pitcher wound his arm up; the ball came straight and true—
"Oh, gee! you mighty Sweney, now what is troubling you?"
The frown then left the pitcher's face, a smile was there instead,
But as for the batter Sweney, his face has turned brick-red.

Again the pitcher wound up, and Sweney again turned red.
"You big Rube," called the grandstand; "Strike two," the umpire said.
Then it was on Sweney's face there came that look of pain;
He must not, no, he must not let the ball go by again.
The pitcher flung his arm up, looked as though he had the gout,
But Sweney? What of Sweney? "Oh Sweney, he struck out."

J. Morris Ripley.

Valedictory

Dear Teachers, Class-mates and Friends, so swayed by conflicting emotions am I, of pleasure and pain—of pride in work accomplished and the goal attained, of pain that the hour of parting is so near, that I find the task assigned me, as Valedictorian, a peculiarly difficult one. A sense of pleasurable freedom, for duties done during the year '12–'13, must fill us all, teachers and pupils alike; for who is there among us today who has not felt the strain at times, and the weary flagging of body, heart and brain during the long busy months now past? But, with the lifting of these duties, comes the melting realization that the end of our school-life here has been reached, that never more can we, the seniors of this session, meet and walk together the every day life in these familiar halls, that a divided way must break the sweet communings and warm friendships which have cheered and sweetened our intercourse here. A wrench, a severance, a sundering of many ties, beautifully sweet and tenderly dear, makes this last class day, forever, a time of tears rather than of smiles, a time of sorrowful retrospection rather than of glad forecasting, of mourning rather than of holiday attire.

The wise words of the weary king, "This, too, shall pass away," bring me infinitely more of pain than of pleasure today, for we feel that in the coming years the memory of these days, in which we worked and played or joyed and sorrowed together, will linger with us and we may say, with the ancient philosopher, "Memory, thou art a boon to man."

As we stand here this morning, about to go our separate ways, so widely divergent, some under chill clear skies of our mountain land, some to the Southland with its sunshine and flowers, our feet about to enter upon the unknown paths of the outside world, our childhood left behind, and our manhood and womanhood, with all its responsible relations, before us, I ask you, dear class-mates, to share with me a few reflections, hopes, resolves, which stir me as a mighty power amid these closing scenes today.

Here, by example, by teaching, by line upon line, by precept upon precept, our superintendent, our beloved principal, our dear teachers, all, have brought us to know that "life is real" and "life is earnest," that knowledge is power and work ennobling and enlarging; that

> "The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
> Whose deeds both great and small
> Are close knit strands of unbroken thread
> Where love ennobles all."

In laying down our tasks here then ought we not, shall we not, fix our gaze upon some lofty aim?

"Be not content, contentment means inaction,
The growing soul aches on its upward quest,
Satiety is twin to satisfaction,
All great achievements spring from life's unrest.

"Were man contented with his lot forever,
He had not sought strage seas with sails unfurled,
And the vast wonders of our shores had never
Dawned on the gaze of an admiring world.

"Prize what is yours but be not quite contented,
There is a healthy restlesness of the soul
By which a mighty purpose is augmented
In urging man to reach a higher goal."

Let us remember the words of the poet when he says

Press onward then, each varying hour;
Let no weak fears thy course delay;
Immortal being, feel thy power,
Pursue thy bright and endless way.

And so, I come to the farewell that must be said to you, my teachers dear, and to you, my class-mates, all. Naught but loving thoughts and grateful recall should enter my heart today, as memory lingers over the little acts of kindness, the loving glances, the tenderly spoken words, which, so oft in the three years of my stay among you, have marked and gladdened my may.

We shall enshrine in our hearts the thought of our beloved principal, who early stirred our better nature, and by her kindness and tact, appealed to our nobler manhood and womandood. Her teachings of the right and true helped to mould the thoughts of childhood and youth when, for us, the world was green, helped to guide us on our way—for

"Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away."

But with the memory of her, our beloved principal, it shall not for us "fade into the light of common day," and of her there will always be thoughts which do often lie too deep for tears.

But the hour of parting is at hand, and with sob in heart and voice, sweet teachers, class-mates all, I bid you now a sad farewell.

"May all our hearts be free from care,
Though now with pain and grief they swell
And this their earnest fervent prayer
May 'God be with you,' Fare ye well!"

Maude H. Duncan.

The Hendersonville High School Literary Society

A Word to the Wise

Experience being a most excellent teacher—we wish to pass the knowledge thus hardly gained, to those who shall come after us, adding therefore our blessing.

1. Be not over confident when thou chewest the cud of reflection in the shape of gum, the taste thereof will be bitter to thy tongue, for Miss Bessie hath the eyes of a hawk.

2. Be not over zealous as to thy personal appearance nor display the implements of the vain in school, lest thou learn that "All is vanity."

3. Think thou not that thou mayest lead Miss Bessie from the lesson to stray in the pleasant paths of argument—she sticketh closer than a postage stamp.

4. When thou gatherest in the halls for matutinal conversations be thou sure that the superintendent wandereth abroad.

5. Be sure that thou bringest a demure countenance to history class, and that thou conductest thy rising up and thy sitting down with becoming gravity, particularly if Mrs. Mears be pressent.

6 Take care when thou enterest into the Assembly Hall of the Literary Society that thou conductest thyself with seemly quietude, lest the president descend upon thee with righteous wrath, the fine therefor is heavy.

7. When thou enterest into argument with the president of the society, be thou very sure of thy ground, for thou wilt not escape before dark.

8. When thou comest to chapel exercises in the morning and the orchestra doth tune up, be thou careful that thou dost follow the example set by the crafty Ulysses, and stop up thine ears, lest thou be victimized by the Sirens.

9. When thou takest an "Exam" in Geometry and drawest thy angles and cubes, be sure that thou secrete thy cuff notes well within thy sleeves, lest thou learn the truth of the maxim, "Murder will out."

10. When thou castest languishing glances at thy sweeheart within these Academic halls, or passest a billet d'Amour, be not over bold, but keep a wary eye upon the desk, that thou mayest not learn that "man was made to mourn." R. C. B.

Are Thinkers of More Service to the World than Men of Action?

It is a law of nature that every cause must have its effect. Applying this law to the subject before us, we are forced to conclude that thinkers are the ultimate cause which lies behind the deeds of men of action.

Sometimes a particular man of action is also a Thinker, but before being of great benefit to mankind, he must first think and perfect his plans, and second, put his plans in force, whereby the world is made richer and better.

A few cases may serve to illustrate: Benjamin Franklin was primarily a thinker and not a man of action, he demonstrated, by the use of his kite, that the mysterious element called lightning could be drawn to the earth

He lacked the ability to put this knowledge to practical use and it remained for Thomas A. Edison, both thinker and man of action, to harness the lightning and invent many wonderful devices by which it is rendered servicable to the race, to the cause and not to the effect must we give the credit for this great discovery. The miner who descends into the earth and brings forth quartz and rough stones, is essentially a man of action; but without a thorough education could never break down the ore and isolate the precious metal which is the basis of our commercial life. The thinker has devised methods by which the gold may be separated from the quartz, in which it is imbedded, often in combination with other metals. All the gold in all the world would be valueless had it not been for the great inventions of the thinker.

Coming down to a time within the memory of all of us. In the war with Spain, who can tell what the outcome would have been had the campaign been left in the hands of strictly men of action? Would not our vessels instead of those of Spain be now resting at the bottom of Santiago Harbor and Manila Bay?

Our modern ships, sky scrapers, wireless telegraph, aeroplanes, automobiles and street cars—would these ever been perfected and made to serve man's use by men of action alone? The answer must be No! The laws of nature say, No! The experience of the ages bids us say, No! We would not deprive the man of atcion of honors so justly his. Honor to whom honor is due: first to the thinker who blazes the way; next to the man of action who develops the idea, and suits it to the use of all mankind, but the ultimate cause back of it all and responsible for the conception of the basic idea, stands unhonored and unsung, the Thinker.

Miss Ruth H. Smith.

Rivals

"Have you seen the notice on the Frat house?" asked Nat Turner of his chum, Ben Hadley.

"No!" answered Ben, "What's up?"

"Why, the coach has called for the candidates for the ball team to be out to the ball park this evening. Going to try?"

"Yes," responded Ben, "Are yon?"

"Guess so," rejoined Nat. "Gee!" looking at his watch, "It's half past two and we will have to be there at three, we had better be mosying on."

Ben and Nat were juniors at Prescot, a small college in the eastern part of North Carolina, and from the time that they had enrolled in the school they had been inseparable companions.

Ben was from a little town in the western part of Virgina, while Nat was from the southern part of Alabama.

Catching a car the boys began talking on the subject of the chances of Prescot to win the ball game form Materly this year. Materly, durin the past years, had won six of the twelve games they had played with Prescot and so this season a tie was to be played off. Thus it happened that the boys were so anxious for Prescot to win.

Arriving at the grounds the boys went straight to the dressing rooms and changing their street clothes for their uniforms they scampered out on the diamond.

Out on the diamond the boys in various colored uniforms were chasing grounders and pulling down high flies. Here and there were a group of boys engaged in a game of high and low. Over by the coach was a nother group discussing some new rules that had appeared that year but all of them were eager to begin the game.

Ben and Nat had never played on the "Varsity," but they had been on the pitching staff of the second team the year before and as some of the regular team had graduated that year they stood a good chance of being chosen this year.

After practice was over and the boys had started home they were joined by Roger McKey who asked them to come to his house that night and meet his sister who had come to visit him and would stay till the ball season was over.

Promptly at nine the boys rang the bell of Rogers' flat and were admitted into the house. Here they found Violet McKey, and after they had been introduced to her they both proceeded to fall in love, and indeed you can't blame them very much, for Violet was a very pretty girl. Her eyes were a dark blue and her brown hair was done up in a wavy mass on top of her head. She had a perfect complexion.

On the following Saturday, with Nat in the box, Prescot won a slow game from Crosly, a small school in the county next to them. Thus it

went on, Ben winning a game and then Nat winning a game, so that with the great game only a week off it could not be decided which was the best pitcher.

One night as Nat was coming home from up town he saw Ben coming out of cheap saloon, and as he knew that Ben did not touch liquor of any kind, he quickened his steps so as to catch up with him and find out what was the matter. Catching up with him he put his arm on Ben's shoulder and asked, "Ben, old boy, what is the matter?"

Ben turned and flung Nat's arm from his shoulder with an oath "Mind your own business," he flung at him and hurriedly walked away.

Nat was so surprised that he could not move, and when he had duly come to his senses he hurried around the corner to see if he could catch up with Ben and have another talk with him, but when he turned the corner Ben was not in sight.

He hurried on home, supposing that he would find Ben there when he arrived, he found instead a note informing him that Ben had found another boarding place and that a dray would call for his things in the morning. Not having the least knowledge what the quarrel was about he decided that he would call on Violet and see if she knew any thing about it.

Accordingly he went to her and found her in tears.

"What's the matter, Violet?" he asked consolingly.

"Oh! Nat," she answered, "Ben came here drunk and tried to force me to kiss him and went on in such a disorderly manner that I had to have him put out of the house."

"That is just what I came here to find out," said Nat, and then he went on to tell Violet of the meeting on the street. "And, Violet," he finished, "I want you to promise me that you will not say a word to anyone about this."

"But Nat?" asked Violet, "Why must I keep this outrageous proceeding to myself?"

"Violet, listen to me," he answered her, "the day before yesterday I fell in the Gym and sprained my wrist and you see that if I can't bring Ben to some kind of terms, or if Roger finds this out, Ben will not be able to pitch the game Saturday and there is nobody to take his place."

"I will promise, Nat," she answered.

After he had left Violet, Nat returned home and went to bed intending to search for Ben the next morning; but the next morning no trace of Ben was to be found, he had vanished off the face of the earth, no one had seen him since the day before.

The days went rapidly on, but still Ben was missing. At last the day of the big game came around, but still Ben was missing

The game began with Mathews in the box, but Ben was still missing.

The first inning was quick, neither side scoring. In the second Materly got a succession of hits and managed to squeeze two runs across

the plate. Prescot was scoreless.

Five innings then passed scoreless for both teams, but in the seventh Prescot came across with two runs and that tied the score.

It was plainly a fact that Mathews could not hold out much longer. The first batter up in the seventh got a hit for two bases and the second one beat out an infield hit. Mathews, nervous over the two hits, walked to the third.

Just then the short stop, little Tom Kelley, let out a yell and pointed toward the gate. There just entering the gate were Ben and Nat coming toward the players on a trot.

The players crowded around him and the grandstand threatened to over-run the field. Play for the time being was stopped.

"Let me by, boys," said Ben pushing his way through the curious crowd, "I will tell you all about it after the game. Don't you see that I am needed now?"

Obtaining time from the umpire he got into his suit and hurried into the box.

He was in a bad hole. Three men on bases and no outs, with the head of the batting list up.

The first ball was a fast curve and the umpire called it a strike. The next was wide. But the batter connected with the next and the result was a pop fly to Kelley. One man gone. The next was a weak hitter and Ben had no difficulty in striking him out. Two men gone. Third on the list was Clarke, the heaviest hitter on the opposing team. The first ball was a strike. Clark fouled the next Then Ben took a desperate chance. Thinking that Clark would "play the game" and let the next one pass he drew back his arm and with all the speed he possessed he put the ball straight over the plate. Clark, expecting him to waste one was completely taken by surprise and just had time to swing weakly at the ball before it plunked into the catcher's mitt, and the side was out.

Inspired with the return of confidence, the Prescot boys rapped out two more runs in the eighth. These runs were the last of the game, because Ben, pitching as if his life depended on it, did not allow a single man to reach the first. The game ended with the score four to two in favor of Prescot.

After the game Ben told his story: How he had, without any warning, been knocked on the head and taken to an old mill on the outskirts of the town where he had been imprisoned until he had been rescued by Nat. How he had dropped a note out of the window in his keepers' absence, and how by good luck it had been found and given to Nat in time for him to come to the mill with two policemen and free him in time to win the game.

"But why did you act as you did on the street to Nat?" asked

Roger when Ben had finished.

"That was not I," answered Ben, "but a scape-grace cousin of mine who has been frequently mistaken for me at home, and it was through his hate for me and because of the money that he had on Materly that the things happened as they did. But, boys," he finished, "let's be moving on, for if I am not mistaken Nat has a very important question to ask Violet and," looking at Violet, who is blushing furiously, "I can pretty near guess the answer."

J. Morris Ripley.

Resolutions of Sympathy

Resolved, That we, the Literary Society of Hendersonville High School,

1st. Send to our Superintendent, through the publication of the final issue of The Mountaineer, our deepest sympathy in the loss of his mother.

2nd. Knowing that God doeth all things well, we humbly give way to the workings of Him with the bereaved family and loved ones.

3rd. Trust that great good has been done by this incident and that the bereaved ones will be greatly blessed in their sorrow.

Resolutions passed by the Literary Society for Miss Bessie Steedman.

Resolved, 1st. That we grieve very much over the loss sustained by our Principal in the death of her sister.

2nd. That we bow in humble submission to the will of the Supreme Being with the bereaved ones.

3rd. That we extend to all the loved ones of the deceased our heart felt sympathy and pray the blessings of God upon them in their sorrow.

Teachers' Wit

Two teachers were discussing literature when Miss T. used the following quotation:

"How far a little candle throws its beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Asked who the author was. Miss W. replied, "Miss Bessie Steadman." Miss T, upon looking it up, found it to be from Shakespeare.

QUESTION IN PHYSIOLOGY

Teacher—Trace the food.

Pupil—You take the food into the mouth, chew it, swallow it and it goes to the brain.

Teacher—Name the parts of the brain.

Pupil—Cerebrum, medulla-oblongta and antibellum.

By the Fire

I sat by the fire one winter's night,
While a cold north wind came whirling down—
Rattling the branches brown and bare,
Whirling the snow wreaths far and near.
For the drifts lay deep over hill and dale
Wrapping all the world in a snowy veil
That glittered and gleamed 'neath the moon beams pale.

As the red flames rose and crack'ed and fell
Strange pictures rose and vanished again—
Flickering gleams in the corners dim,
Changing shapes and shadows grim—
And I seemed to see in the rosy glow
Familiar scenes from the long ago
Ere the hand of time had laid them low.

Ah me! the changes, so many, so sad!
Bitter and sweet are the mem'ries, too,
Dearly loved faces peeped from the past,
Long silent voices I heard in the blast;
And I longed for the touch of a vanished hand
Or to join once again that happy band
In the dear old home of the far South Land.

Once more painted with memory's brush
I beheld those scenes of by-gone days—
The dewy freshness of summer morns,
The brilliant beauty of autumn dawns,
The merry games, the laughing faces,
The flowerets gay in sunny places—
When youth lent earth a thousand graces.

But colder the wind blew—the flames sunk low;
The picture faded and vanished from view.
Aye, fade out little fire—blacken and pine—
Those lights that have faded were brighter than thine—
Thy flames may be kindled again with a breath;
Those others are cold in the ashes of death,
Now can they be quickened again with a breath?

B. S.

Story Written in the section B of the 1st Grade.

I have a kite. I can fly my kite. I fly my kite. Can you fly a kite? I can fly a kite. Can you make a kite? Helen Drafts.

We, the Faculty, the H. H. S. L. S., and the School as a whole desire to tender our earnest thanks to the Times Printing Office, and to Mr. Barrows in particular; for the courtesy and favors shown us, for the interest taken in the work, and for all the excellent printing done for us during the past school term. H. H. S.

Thank You

Kind friends and Patrons, as business manager of this, the last issue of the Mountaineer, I feel it my duty to thank you one and all for the support you have given me.

Fellow Readers I trust the magazine has been interesting and instructive and I also trust you have given special attention to the advertisements of those who have given me ads for the Journels.

Generous Advertisers, if you had not assisted in this, we should have made a failure; and I, as manager, in behalf of our society, wish to express our gratitude to you for your help. I trust that you have lost nothing, and on the other hand, have gained something. May happiness and prosperity be with you always, is my desire.

Respect fully, R. C. BENNETT, Business Mgr.

Locals

In behalf of the Literary Society, we wish to thank Mesdames Egerton and Pratt for their efficient service to the Society in training those who take part in the production of "The Other Fellow." We feel that not only the Society—but the school at large—owens them a vote of thanks. R. C. B.

Our friend, Miss Elsie Ficker, has recently had a swell time. During the latter part of April some passerby let a germ fly and the next thing Miss Ficker noticed was a swollen cheek which the physician diagnosed as the mumps. Of course she had a swell time then while watching her fellow students going to and from school, with that sad look that always accompanies a pupil at this time of the year. But that is not all, for, when she received a telegram from the State Normal and Industrial College of Greensboro informing her that she had won in the Short Story Contest of the State, a swelled head was added to her other troubles. She has almost recovered now, and only slight effects of the swelling are noticeable. We do not envy her in the least, most especially her swollen check; but, on the contrary, are very proud indeed to claim her as one of our Society Members. R. C. B.

One of the Journal staff was looking for news a week or so ago and dropped into the 7th grade room. As he closed the door, one of the pupils cried out: "There comes a graduate, surely he can pronounce it." And before he could make his business known, a book was placed before him with a finger on the following word:

"Tehowaghwengaraghkwin." To make a long story short, he managed to escape without exposing his ignorance, but has kept clear of that room ever since. Can you pronounce it? R. C. B.

We are glad to be able to announce that there has been very little sickness in the School this year and that the average attendance has increased, tho quite a number were taken from the 4th grade on account of sickness and scarlet fever scare. The school, as a whole, was not affected.

Allow me to make mention of the following for their assistance in typing matter for the Journal; Misses Anderson, Duncan, Dixon, Shipman, Alexander and Sunofsky. R. C. B.

Here's to the Clase of '13
Here's to the Faculty too
Here's to dear old H. H. S.
To which we'll forever be true. H. G. H.

The Society known as "The Knights of Honor" whose picture may be seen on page 19 is resulting in great good. If carried on with the proper spirit next year, we belive even more may be accomplished. R. C.B.

H. G. Hunter thinks he's a poet
But he's the only fellow who seems to know it.

Some Interesting Facts About The Fourth Grade.

1. The Fourth Grade is the largest grade in the school.
2. We have in the Fourth Grade 65 pupils.
3. About 90 per cent of the pupils will be promoted.
4. The Fourth Grade has had less sickness than any other grade this year.
5. The Fourth Grade has many interesting books; Arithmatic, Story of the Old North State, Geography, Spelling, Child Classes, and English.
6. We have a pupil in our room that says he has been in almost every city we study about in geography.
7. At recess we play a game that is called "goosey goosey gander." The one that is caught last is the fox. 4th Grade Pupils.

Story Written in Section A of the 1st Grade.

A Goonac was a little Eskimo girl. She lived in an ice house. Her country never has summer. Eskimos use dogs instead of horses. They use sleds instead of wagons. The houses are made of ice and snow. They dress in bear skins. The country is very cold. I like to go there and see the country. Nell Morris.

Jokes Told by Society Members

If a feather tickles why doesn't a hen laugh herself to death?
O. P. S.

A girl was once asked how she liked dancing. She replied that dancing was nothing but hugging set to music. She was then asked what part of that she did not like and she said "The music." J. M.R.

Pat and Mike were boating and when the boat capsized Mike was the first to reach the shore. He immediately jumped into the water again much to the surprise of the spectators. "Why are you doing that?" exclaimed one. Oh! I saved myself, now begorra I must save Pat. L. L. D.

Teacher—What is a buttress? Small boy—well a Billy goat is butter so I guess a Nanny goat is a buttress. B. S.

During the war a tall country woman followed by a very small ragged boy entered a country school. "Want this boy t' go t' school" she said. "What is his name?" asked the teacher.
"Brig dig" she responded, Hits short for Brigideer general'" B. S.

An Irishman while walking down the street noticed in front of a hardware store, this sign: Buy this stove and save half your coal, begorra," says he "I'll buy two stoves and save all my coal." Anon.

Small boy on April fool's day:—
"Oh mama! run here quick! There's a strange man in our dinning room."
When mother arrives:—
"April Fool! It's only papa kissing the house maid: B. S.

When you cannot climb over creep under. F. M. C.

Desire not to live long, but to live well;
How long we live, not years but actions tell. F. M. C.

Every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time. F. M. C.

The virtues of modesty, candor and truth,
In woman exceed all the beauty of youth. F. M. C.

Make your joys as deep as the oceans,
And your sorrows as light as its foam.

Mr. Morse Shreve says "It is not so hard to get up a debate. but oh! that Cicero. F. M. C.

Teacher of Primary Geography class:
I wonder if any one can tell what a magnet is. Small boy—Yessum, its one of them wiggly things you find in cheese." B.S.

A Day Dream

A boy often dreams of the golden West
As the place that was made for him.
For he thinks that's where a man does best,
Tho' the chances for him be slim.
He dreams of wide stretches of burning land,
Where as far as the eye can see
The world seems as if made of sand
Except for a cactus or some lone tree.
He sees in a vision a rolling plain,
'Tis the prairie stretching wide;
He sees for out an emigrant train,
Thru the sagebrush it seems to glide.
But beyond where there's more fertile soil,
Where thousands of cattle are grazing,
He sees the cow-boys at their toil
Brown 'neath the sun so blazing.
He dreams of being with them at night,
Those boys so merry and gay,
He listens to tales of many a fight
When the Indians held their sway.
Then he sees himself 'midst mountains bold
Whose snow-capped summits reach the sky,
Where rivers and streams of water cold
Gurgle and ripple and thunder by.
He sees yawning chasms so dark and deep,
And canons hidden by mist or spray.
He sees great cliffs with their walls so steep.
And deep ravines thru which he may stray.
He sees great cities, too, in the West
And great tracts of untilled land,
So he thinks it's the place of all others the best
And chances are always at hand.

M. F. T.

The Winners

M. W. Egerton with oratory great
And R. C. Bennett with zeal to mate
Walked away with the Asheville guys.
While L. J. Pace with thundering voice
And H. G. Hunter with diction choice
Made Waynesville seem of pigmy size
Miss Elsie Ficker, the writer of prose.
Will capture the prize wherever she goes.
When the State Normal teachers issued a call
For the best composition from one and all,
Miss Ficker decided to enter the test,
And now comes the answer "your story's the best."
Then let us sing with one accord
Sending the tidings all abroad.
What's the matter with us? We're all right.
We can debate and we can declaim,
We write short stories and win State fame.
Well, what's the matter with us? We're all right.
(Tune: What's the matter with father?)

R. C. B.

WHY

One day while reading Caesar,
I slyly tried to squeeze 'er—
Just her hand you know—
'Twas only done to tease 'er
For we were reading Caesar
And that's quite hard I trow,
But my! it did displease 'er
When in that class of Caesar
I touched her hand just so.
Nor could I e'er appease 'er
Not e'en by reading Caesar
To help her out you know,
And now I ne'er can please 'er
Tho' we're still reading Caesar
And that is why it is so.

B. S.

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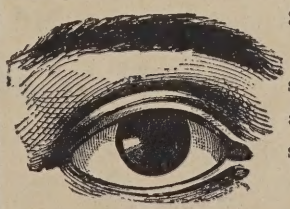

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